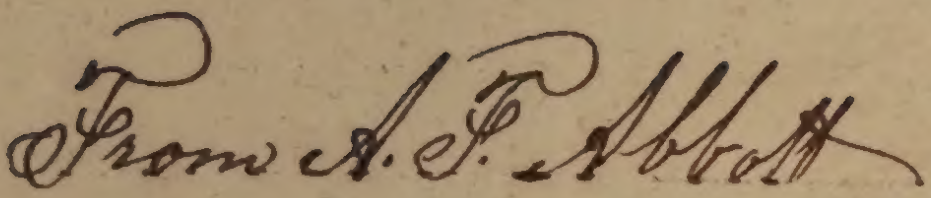
From A. F. Abbott

PHILIPENA

FORGET-ME-NOT;

OR THE

PHILIPENA.

BY

MRS. LUNT.

"Trifles in themselves
Are, to the feeling heart,
Of greater worth
Than India's richest gems."

LOWELL:
NATHANIEL L. DAYTON.

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PREFACE.

THE compiler of this little volume might adopt the oft-repeated but beautiful sentiment of Montaigne,—"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

But, to roam through the wide field of poetry, and gather such flowers, and such only, as might contribute to grace a friends bouquet, has been no very slight task for unpractised fingers. Nor dares the culler of the nosegay flatter herself that she has wholly succeeded in the attempt to do this. Some, of superior taste and judgment, may deem some of the flowers unworthy the place they occupy. Others may think they might have been more tastefully arranged. But she hopes that, to the eye accustomed to appreciate beauty wherever it is found, and loving the simple wild flower as well as the stately rose, none of them will appear utterly valueless. Of one thing she is certain—none are *poisonous.*

The nosegay, such as it is, is offered to the public, with the hope that it may prove a not wholly unacceptable GIFT.

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FORGET-ME-NOT;

OR THE

PHILIPENA.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Go where the water glideth gently ever;
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be—
Wander beside our own beloved river,
And think of me.

Wander in forests where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
Listen the dim brook, pining as it playeth,
And think of me.

And when the sky is silver pale at even,
And the wind grieveth through the lonely tree,
Go out beneath that solitary heaven,
And think of me.

ETONIAN.

FORGET THEE?

Forget thee? If to dream by night, and muse on thee by day—
If all the worship, deep and wild, a poet's heart can pay—
If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power—
If winged thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in an hour—
If busy fancy, blending thee with all my future lot,—
If this is called forgetting, *thou*, indeed, shalt be forgot!

Forget thee? Bid the forest birds forget their sweetest tune!
Forget thee? Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue;"
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot;—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot.

REV. J. MOULTRIE.

MEMORIES.

The heart is not forgetful; the bright eye
To-day may gaze, and may forget to-morrow;
But on the heart's pure tablet, joy and sorrow
Are traced in lines that fade not; we may die,
But we cannot forget rapture and agony.

The world may pass before our careless sight,
And day may press on day, and our years vanish
Numberless, noiseless, but we cannot banish
The phantoms of the past—gloomy or bright,
Our life's young morning sees them, and they haunt
our night.

Then happy he whose memory is fraught
With virtuous images; his heart ungrieving
Shall muse upon them with a fond believing
Of its own bliss. These things have I been taught
By suffering, and by sorrow I this wisdom bought.

ANON.

THE WORLD.

Talk who will of the world as a desert of thrall,
Yet, yet, there is bloom on the waste:
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

There are times when the storm-gust may rattle around,
There are spots where the poison shrub grows;
Yet are there not hours when naught else can be found
But the south wind, the sunshine, and rose?

O haplessly rare is the portion that 's ours,
And strange is the path that we take,
If there spring not beside us a few precious flowers,
To soften the thorn and the brake.

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom;
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That he who allotted pain, death, and the tomb,
Gave hope, health, and the bridal as well.

Then say not the world is a desert of thrall;
There is bloom, there is light on the waste;
Though the chalice of life hath its acid and gall,
There are honey-drops too for the taste.

Eliza Cook.

TO MY WIFE.

PRESENTED, TOGETHER WITH A KNIFE, ON HER WEDDING-DAY, WHICH HAPPENED TO BE HER BIRTH-DAY AND NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

(*Written in the last century.*)

A KNIFE, my dear, cuts love, they say—
Mere modish love perhaps it may ;
For any tool of any kind
Can separate what was never joined.
The knife that cuts *our love* in two
Will have much tougher work to do :
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight forever ;
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too ;
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.—

Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will clip the moon,)
Accept my present undeterred,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

REV. SAMUEL BISHOP.

TO THE SAME, WITH A RING.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed,"
So sixteen years ago I said—
Behold another ring! "For what?"
"To wed thee o'er again—why not?"
With the first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth:
Taste long admired, sense long revered;
And all my Mary then appeared.
If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardor as intense and pure,
As when amidst the rites divine
I took thy troth and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet wife, my second ring,
A token and a pledge I bring;

With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which, before untried,
The wife has added to the bride;
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
For why?—They show me hour by hour
Honor's high thought, affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound judgment's sentence;
And teach me all things—but repentance.

REV. S. BISHOP.

I REMEMBER.

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window, where the sun
Came peeping in, at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light;
The lilacs, where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum, on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
—My spirit flew in feathers, then,
That is so heavy now,
And the summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky!
It was a childish ignorance,—
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy!

HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

'T IS o'er! but never from my heart
Shall time thine image blot;
The dreams of other days depart,—
Thou shalt not be forgot.
And never in the suppliant's sigh
Poured forth to him who swayed the sky,
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remembered not!

ANON.

ARIADNE'S CROWN.

THERE 's a brilliant star in the northern sky,
With stars around beset;
Stately and fair they shine on high,
In form a coronet.

'T is one of the first at early even
To shed its fair, faint light,
And one of the brightest through all the heaven,
At the mid-watch of the night.

Often when heart and hope have failed,
In scenes of strife and care,
I 've watched it till its cresset pal'd
In the kindling morning air.

Full many a lesson true and deep
I 've read by its steady light;
God grant me ever strength to keep
The path I know is right.

God grant me ever strength to move
Unswerving, in the right,
Steadfast like that bright star above,
Brightest through darkest night.

God grant me grace to shed for all
What light is mine to give,
And, though my influence be small,
For others' weal to live.

ANON.

DREAMS OF LIFE.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'T is a vision of light, of life and truth,
That flits across the brain;
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That all our after years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

Oh! there is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far!
'T is a vision of blood, and of woman's tears,
For the theme of that dream is war;
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that fame is a bodyless breath,
That vanisheth away.

Oh! there is a dream of hoary age,
'T is a vision of gold in store—
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in our glittering dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave—
In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought in that long career to save—
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
O yes, there 's a dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light—
And the theme of that dream is Heaven.

ANON.

MEMORY.

A PEN—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards,
Are well assigned to memory
By allegoric bards.

As aptly, also, might be given
A pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smooths foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues.

Yet, like a tool of fancy, works
Those spectres to dilate,
That startle conscience, as she lurks
Within her lonely seat.

Oh! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook,
Contented and serene:

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers where they creep,
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

WORDSWORTH.

BEAUTY IN AGE.

YOUTH hath its beauty,—lip and smile,
And cheek of roseate ray;
It strikes the admiring glance awhile,
Then fleeting fades away.

But age, with hoary wisdom crowned,
That waits its Father's will,
And walks in love with all around,
Hath higher beauty still.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SKETCH.

TO MRS. ———

This day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again:
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,
Adjust the unimpaired machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

* * * * * * * *

Will you (the Major 's with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila 's fair Rachel's care to-day,
And blooming Keith 's engaged with Gray;)
From housewife cares a minute borrow?—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me in moralizing?
This day 's propitious to be wise in.
First, what did yesternight deliver?
"Another year is gone forever."
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment 's all we rest on."
Rest on—for what? what do we here?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?

A few days may—a few years must—
Repose us in the silent dust.
Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!
The voice of nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies:
That on this frail uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight:
That future life in worlds unknown
Must take its hue from this alone;
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night.—
Since then, my honor'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us the important *now* employ,
And live as those who never die.

ROBERT BURNS.

PRAISE.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King?
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health and for ease,
For the spring of delight and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom'd on my breast,
For joys in perspective and pleasures possessed?
For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,
And the slumber that sat on my pillow at night?

For this should I thank thee, but only for this,
I should leave half untold thy donation of bliss:
I thank thee for sorrow, for sickness and care;
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;

For nights of anxiety, watching and tears,
A present of pain, a perspective of fears:
I praise thee, I bless thee, my King and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand has bestow'd!

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They left me no fruit—they are withered and gone;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,
As the message of mercy that led me to thee.

ANON.

RETROSPECTIVE VIEW.

Oh, who that takes a retrospective view
Of years, now fading in the distant blue,—
The snares to which impetuous we had flown,
Restrained by God's resistless arm alone;
How, ever yielding to our own self-will,
We would refuse the good and choose the ill,
He interposing still on our behalf,
Still safely guiding by his rod and staff—
But with subdued, submissive heart would cry,
"Choose *Thou* my portion, guide me with thine eye!
One sole condition would I dare suggest,—
That Thou would'st save me from mine own request!"

Jane Taylor.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.
Ages and climes remote to thee impart
What charms in genius and refines in art;
Thee, in whose hand the keys of science dwell,
The pensive portress of her holy cell;
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp
Oblivion steals upon her vestal lamp.
The friends of reason, and the guides of youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of truth;
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
These still exist, by thee to fame consigned,
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.
From thee sweet hope her airy coloring draws,
And fancy's flights are subject to thy laws;
From thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,
Which only virtue, tranquil virtue, knows.
When joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray,
And hope's delusive meteors cease to play;
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,
Still through the gloom thy star serenely glows;
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

Samuel Rogers.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THERE was a Child, a helpless Child,
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
That often wept and sometimes smil'd,
Upon its mother's breast;
Feebly its meanings stammer'd out,
And totter'd tremblingly about,
And knew no wider world without
Its little home of rest.

There was a Boy, a light-heart Boy,
One whom no troubles could annoy,
Save some lost sport, or shatter'd toy,
Forgotten in an hour;
No dark remembrance troubled him,
No future fear his path could dim,
But joy before his eyes would swim,
And hope rise like a tower.

There was a Youth, an ardent Youth,
Full of high promise, courage, truth,
He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
Save Love's sweet wounds alone;
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
He sought no gain but Beauty's prize,
And sweeter held Love's saddest sighs
Than Music's softest tone.

There was a Man, a wary Man,
Whose bosom nurs'd full many a plan
For making life's contracted span
A path of gain and gold;
And how to sow, and how to reap,
And how to swell his shining heap,
And how the wealth acquired to keep
Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, grey-hair'd One,
On whom had fourscore winters done
Their work appointed, and had spun
His thread of life so fine,
That scarce its thin line could be seen,
And with the slightest touch, I ween,
'T would be as it had never been,
And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom Fate
Seem'd as strange contrasts to create,
That each might in his different state
The others' pathways shun?
I tell thee that, that Infant vain,
That Boy, that Youth, that Man of gain,
That Grey-beard, who did roads attain
So various,—they were One!

NEELE.

THE WREATH.

TO A FRIEND ON A BIRTH-DAY.

Let others sing the rich, the great,
The victor's palm, the monarch's state,
A purer joy be mine—
To greet the excellent of earth,
To call down blessings on *thy* worth,
And for the hour that gave thee birth,
Life's choicest flowers entwine.

And lo! where smiling from above,
(Meet helpmate in the work of love,)
O'er opening hill and lawn,
With flowerets of a thousand dyes,
With all that 's sweet of earth and skies,
Soft breathes the vernal dawn.

Come! from her stores we 'll cull the best
Thy bosom to adorn;
Each leaf in livelier verdure drest,
Each blossom balmier than the rest,
Each rose without a thorn;
Fleet tints, that with the rainbow died,
Brief flowers, that withered in their pride,
Shall, blushing into light, awake
And kindlier bloom for thy dear sake.

And first—though oft, alas! condemned,
Like merit to the shade—

The Primrose meek, with dews begemmed,
Shall sparkle in the braid:
And there as sisters side by side,
(Genius with modesty allied.)
The Pink's bright red, the Violet's blue,
In blended rays, shall greet our view,
Each lovelier for the other's hue.

How soft yon Jasmine's sunlit glow,
How chaste yon Lily's robe of snow,
With Myrtle green inwove,
Types, dearest, of thyself and me—
Of thy mild grace and purity,
And my unchanging love;
Of grace and purity, like thine,
And love, undying love, like mine.

In fancifully plumed array,
As ever cloud at set of day,
All azure, vermeil, silver-gray,
And showering thick perfume,
See! how the Lilac's clustered spray
Has kindled into bloom,
Radiant, as joy, o'er troubles past,
And whispering, "spring is come at last!"

Blest flowers! There breathes not one unfraught
With lessons sweet and new;
The Rose, in Taste's own garden wrought;
The Pansy, nurse of tender thought;

The Wall-flower, tried and true;
The purple Heath, so lone and fair,
(O, how unlike the world's vain glare!)
The Daisy, so contently gay,
Opening her eye-lids with the day;
The Gorse-bloom, never sad or sere,
But golden-bright,
As gems of night,
And fresh and fragrant all the year;
Each leaf, each bud, of classic lore,
Oak, Hyacinth, and Floramore;
The Cowslip, graceful in her woe,
The Hawthorn's smiles, the Poppy's glow,
This ripe with balm for present sorrow,
And *that*, with raptures for to-morrow.

The flowers are culled; and each lithe stem
With Woodbine band we braid—
With Woodbine, type of Life's best gem,
Of Truth that will not fade:
The Wreath is wove; do Thou, blest Power,
That brood'st o'er leaflet, fruit, and flower,
Embalm it with thy love;
O make it such as angels wear,—
Pure, bright, as decked earth's first-born pair,
Whilst free, in Eden's grove,
From herb and plant they brushed the dew,
And neither sin nor sorrow knew.

WILLIAM PETERS.

TO KATRINAH.

KATRINAH! feel you not with me
Our years are hurrying on,
And that the sparkle of life's cup
For evermore is gone?
Already hath the share of time
Marked deeply on my brow,
The furrow that too plainly tells
That youth is over now.
My locks, which once were darkly brown,
Grow grisly now and thin;
Old Age comes stealthily along—
The thievish mannikin!—
And in my face he shakes his paw
As he is gliding by,
And snatches with his felon hand
The lustre from my eye.

The honey-moon of life is past—
Our days of fun are over—
We may not tread the dance again,
The loved one and the lover!
So, soberly and quietly
We'll sit and count the hours,
Nor deem that we are roving still
Amid life's early flowers.
We plucked the blossoms long ago,
And scattered to the wind

Their shattered leaves all recklessly,
Nor left a bud behind!
Well—let them go! if we have walked
O'er green and flowery lawns,
Oh! let us murmur not, though now
Our path is thick with thorns!

How brimming was the revel-cup
We lifted to our lip
In early time—but, oh! how brief
Our spirits' fellowship
With sunny hours and bursting flowers,
And Eden-colored things!
How quickly came the dimness o'er
Our bright imaginings!
The sunlight hath departed,
And the tempest broodeth now
Above our path! *I* fear it not—
Katrinah! fearest *thou?*
Nay! let it burst!—for we have lived
Till Life's delights are gone—
And what on earth should tempt us now
To live and linger on?

W. H. Burleigh.

THE LAZY MIST.

THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
How languid the scenes late so sprightly appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,—
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!
How long I have lived—but how much lived in vain!
How little of life's scanty span may remain!
What aspects old Time in his progress has worn!
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn!
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
This life 's not worth having with all it can give—
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

ROBERT BURNS.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

I NEVER see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart.
My smile expires into a sigh,
I feel a struggling in the eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way;
For soul and brain will travel back
Through memory's chequered mazes,
To days when I but trod life's track
For buttercups and daisies.

Tell me, ye men of wisdom rare,
Of sober speech and silver hair,
Who carry counsel, wise and sage,
With all the gravity of age;
Oh! say, do ye not like to hear
The accents ringing in your ear,
When sportive urchins laugh and shout,
Tossing their precious flowers about,
Springing with bold and gleesome bound,
Proclaiming joy that crazes,
And chorussing the magic sound
Of buttercups and daisies?

Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no! there 's not a bud on earth,
Of richest tint or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers,
Buttercups and daisies?

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell;
And though old Time has marked my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest linked to simplest things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past.
And then the only wish I have
Is that the one who raises
The turf sod o'er me, plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.

ELIZA COOK.

MUSINGS.

This is my birth-day! Twenty-five years old!
Methinks I stand midway between two deaths—
The one, which was before my birth—the other,
That which ere long will wrap me in its shades.
And standing thus, how many thoughts spring forth—
(Even as stars, watching the eclipsed moon,
Swarm out in heaven)—into the dark abyss
Which time has made my heart. It is not long
That I have walked the pathways of the world;
And yet the shadowy phantoms of dead hopes,
Withered affections and unnurtured love,
Throng round my path and in the memory—
(Even as glooms that throng around the stars,)
Making life dark, a lightless wilderness.

* * * * * * * *

Alas for my unsandalled feet! They bleed,
Pierced by the thorns which strew the paths of life.
I rushed into my youth with burning hopes,
High aspirations after starry Fame.
The hopes which were the planets that did light
My life, are gone—for Time has hidden them
With the pale shadow of his stern eclipse.
And I have wandered many a day and long
Amid the world—and tried its friendship well;
And I have struggled with cold poverty,

And persecution, obloquy, and wrong,
Until my heart grew bitter. I have made
The desert, and the mountain snow, my bed—
Spoken strange tongues, and congregated with
The tameless savage of the wilderness,
Until I felt as tameless as himself.
The morning of my life has passed away,
And clouds and dimness rest upon its shapes
Of pain or pleasure. I am well content.
The golden stars that smile above my head—
The planet-peopled heaven—and the sea
Glorious in terror or in beauty—all
Of brilliant and magnificent on earth,
Have yet a charm for me—and more than all,
My quiet home;—and she who makes that home
A living paradise, will cheer me on—
And I will live, and sing my humble strain,
Although the cold world close its careless ears
Unto the quiet music of my song.

ALBERT PIKE.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to hae sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento ;*
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye 'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
And, *Andrew*, dear, believe me,
Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
E'en when your end 's attained :
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature ;*
But still the preaching *cant* forbear,
And e'en the rigid feature :
Yet ne'er with wits profane to range,
Be complaisance extended ;
An Atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended !

When ranting round in pleasure 's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a *random sting*,
It may be little minded;
But when on life we 're tempest driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fixed wi' Heaven,
Is sure a noble *anchor!*

Adieu, dear amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting;
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman 's phrase, "God send you speed,"
Still daily to grow wiser!
And may you better *reck the rede*,
Than ever did the adviser!

ROBERT BURNS.

A VISION.

In visions which are not of night, a shadowy vale
I see,
The path of pilgrim tribes, who are, who have been,
or shall be;
At either end are lowering clouds, impervious to
the sight,
And frequent shadows veil, throughout, each gleam
of passing light.
A path it is of joys and griefs, of many hopes and
fears;
Gladdened at times by sunny smiles, but oftener
dimmed by tears.

Green leaves are there, they quickly fade—bright
flowers, but soon they die;
Its banks are lav'd by pleasant streams, but soon
their bed is dry;
And some that roll on to the last with undiminish'd
force,
Have lost that limpid purity which graced their
early source;
They seem to borrow in their flow the tinge of dark-
ening years,
And e'en their mournful, murmuring sound befits
the vale of tears.

Pleasant that valley's opening scenes appear to
childhood's view,
The flowers are bright, the turf is green, the sky
above is blue;
A blast may blight, a beam may scorch, a cloud
may intervene,
But, lightly marked and soon forgot, they mar not
such a scene;
Fancy still paints the future bright, and Hope the
present cheers,
Nor can we deem the path we tread leads through
a vale of tears.

But soon, too soon, the flowers that deck'd our
early pathway side
Have drooped and withered on their stalks, and one
by one have died;
The turf by noon's fierce heat is sear'd, the sky is
overcast,
There 's thunder in the torrent's tone, and tempest
in the blast;
Fancy is but a phantom found, and hope a dream
appears,
And more and more our hearts confess this life a
vale of tears.

Darker and darker seems the path! how sad to
journey on,
When hands and hearts which gladdened ours ap-
pear forever gone!

Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fancied could not chill,
Living to self and to the world, to us seem colder still;
With mournful, retrospective glance we look to brighter years,
And tread with solitary steps the thorny vale of tears.

Then wasting pain and slow disease trace furrows on the brow,
The grasshopper, alighting down, is felt a burthen now,
The silver cord is loosening fast its feeble, slender hold,
The fountain's pitcher soon must break, and bowl of purer gold;—
Oh! were it not for that blest hope which even death endears,
How weary were our pilgrimage through this dark vale of tears!

ANON.

☞ Look at the bright side of everything; it is the best for the mind, and is just as cheap as the reverse.

they shall call forth thanksgiving from
rt—but that they will be seen by Him
bers your hairs and notices a sparrow's

The shi
o'clock la

TIME GROWS NOT OLD.

Time grows not old with length of years;
Changes he brings, but changes not;
New-born each moment he appears;—
We run our race and are forgot.

Stars in perennial rounds return,
As from eternity they came
And to eternity might burn;—
We are not for one hour the same.

Spring flowers renew their sweet perfume,
But ere a second spring they fly;—
Our life is longer than their bloom,
Our bloom more precious—yet we die!

Yet stars, like flowers, have but their day,
And Time, like stars, shall cease to roll;—
We have what never can decay,—
A living and immortal soul!

Lord God! when Time shall end his flight,
Stars set, and flowers revive no more,
May we behold thy face in light,
Thy love in Christ may we adore.

Anon.

TIME.

Time speeds away—away—away:
Another hour—another day—
Another month—another year—
Drop from us like the leaflets sere;
Drop like the life-drops from our hearts;
The rose-bloom from the cheek departs,
The tresses from the temples fall,
The eyes grow dim and strange to all.

Time speeds away—away—away:
Like torrent in a stormy day,
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that bless'd;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

Time speeds away—away—away:
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he;
Like fiery steed, from stage to stage
He bears us on—from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea
Of fathomless Eternity.

ANON.

THOSE WE LOVE.

Those we love are passing from us—
  Passing like the summer flowers;
Soon our dearest heart-companions
  Death shall gather to his bowers.

Vainly shall we list for voices
  Made by absence doubly dear;
And remorse will sternly question,
  "Didst thou cherish them when here?"

O, in sorrow—in vexation—
  In all trials, let us prove,
By the purest, tenderest duties,
  How undying is our love.

Thus life's parting pangs a solace
  In sweet retrospect shall know,
And the grieved and wounded spirit
  Rise, unburthened, from its woe.

Mrs. Scott

INNOCENT PLEASURES.

Few rightly estimate the worth
Of joys that spring and fade on earth;
They are not weeds we should despise;
They are not fruits of Paradise;
But wild flowers in the pilgrim's way,
That cheer, yet not protract, his stay;
Which he dare not too fondly clasp,
Lest they should perish in his grasp,
And yet may view, and wisely love,
As proofs and types of joys above. ANON.

BEST WISHES.

Thine be the love, refined from sense,
That seeks its object in the skies,
Draws all its warmth and brightness thence,
Its comfort, confidence, and joys;
And be thy best affections given
To Him, who loved thee first, in heaven.

And when thy Master calls thee, thine,
Thine be the crown of endless joy,
Where heaven's eternal rivers shine
Beneath a bright and cloudless sky.
Those realms, how beautiful and fair!
My friend, a blissful meeting there! ANON.

A PHILOPENE.

LINES WRITTEN ON PRESENTING A BOOK TO A YOUNG LADY, AS A PHILOPENE PRESENT

Lady, accept this gift,
An offering of the heart
On Friendship's shrine;
Its worth is small, its pages few,
And what is here may not be new,
But still the gift is mine.

Lady, accept the gift,
And read, for him who gave,
The Philopene;
And when afar his steps shall roam,
To cheer with smiles thy quiet home,
This little book be seen.

ANON.

A RETROSPECT.

Thus far life's little journey through,
Of scenes forever gone
I 'll take one retrospective view,
Before I speed me on.

Here, on this little hillock placed,
A moment let me stand—
Before me lies a desert waste;
Behind, a fairy land.

Yes; happy was my youthful day;
I trod enchanted ground;
My spring, like other springs, was gay,
And roses bloomed around:

And now, though flying o'er my head
Are youth's departing years,
And often though the path I tread
Is watered by my tears;—

Still Hope, in many a gloomy hour,
Through many a weary mile,
Has cheered me with the magic power
Of her bewitching smile.

But Hope, farewell! thy visions bright
Have dazzled me too long;

And shall I stay to watch thy flight,
And hear thy parting song?

No! let me turn—it is enough—
Too many tears have flowed:
The sky is dark,—the way is rough;—
But 't is the pilgrim's road:

And pilgrim-like, with staff and shell,
And cloth'd in habit gray,
I bid the smiling past farewell,
And speed me on my way.

But wherefore should my courage fail,
And strains of sorrow flow?
Why need I, through this gloomy vale,
A lonely wanderer go?

I see a little cheerful band;
I hear their songs resound;—
Onward they travel, hand in hand,
And all for Zion bound.

The sterile plain, the desert drear,
Where howls the chilling blast—
The pains and perils that I fear—
Already they have past.

And kindly would they welcome me:
They bid me not despond;
For they a fairer land can see,
And brighter skies beyond.

O then, though fainting and distressed,
I will my way pursue:
There is a home, there is a rest,
There is a heaven in view.

JANE TAYLOR.

—

A THOUGHT.

My birth-day of nature I 've oftentimes kept,
And rejoiced in the revels of youth;
Yet 't was all but a dream, for I slumbered and slept,
Quite a stranger to God and his truth.

But he pitied my soul—I awoke from my sleep—
And He saved me in infinite love:
A new birth-day my Saviour has taught me to keep,
For again I was born from above.

And now I believe that the God of all peace
Will be mine till with age I am hoary;
But if angels rejoiced at my birth-day of *grace*,
How they 'll sing at my birth-day of *glory!*

LEIGH RICHMOND.

TO LAURA, TWO YEARS OF AGE.

Bright be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow—
Bright as the dream flung o'er thee
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird's,
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thy imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
As gladly as thy tiny shout.

I would that thou might'st ever be
As beautiful as now,—
That time might ever leave as free
Thy yet unwritten brow.
I would life were "all poetry"
To gentle measure set,
That nought but chastened melody
Might stain thine eye of jet—
Nor one discordant note be spoken,
Till God the cunning harp hath broken.

I would—but deeper things than these
With woman's lot are wove;
Wrought of intenser sympathies,
And nerved by purer love—

By the strong spirit's discipline,
By the fierce wrong forgiven,
By all that wrings the heart of sin,
Is woman won to heaven.
"Her lot is on thee," lovely child—
God keep thy spirit undefiled!

I fear thy gentle loveliness,
Thy witching tone and air,
Thine eye's beseeching earnestness,
May be to thee a snare.
The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow—
But they who kneel at woman's shrine
Breathe on it as they bow—
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crush'd flower will leave a stain.

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?
Keep thee as thou art now?
Bring thee, a spirit undefiled,
At God's pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim—
Who shall be near thee in thy need,
To lead thee up—to Him?
He, who himself was "undefiled:"
With him we trust thee, beautiful child!

WILLIS.

A MOTHERS WISH.

WHILE two sweet, stainless springs alone
Have swept with downy plume thy brow,
Child of my love! at Bounty's throne
For thee I breathe an ardent vow.

I ask not Beauty's dazzling dower,
Though well thine eye's reflective beam
Glows with the promise of a power,
Own'd in thy father's heart supreme.

I ask no plumed and jewelled crown,
Where rank and wealth their moment blaze;
No transient meed of vain renown,—
No length of perishable days.

No! I entreat no mortal boon!
No joys that pass with passing years;
Powerless, amid their warmest noon,
To dry affliction's latest tears.

I supplicate enlightening grace
To guide thy feet in wisdom's way,
And strength her heavenward steps to trace
Through twilight to the perfect day.

May cold distrust and slighted love
Ne'er break thy calm and pure repose;
And far from thee kind Heaven remove
Alike thy father's faults and woes.

Float peacefully along the tide,
Till, all secure, thy spirit shine
In realms where souls alone abide,
Serene and innocent as thine.

REV. HENRY THOMPSON.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The shades of night at distance fled,
The air was calm, the wind was still;
And slow the slanting sun-beam spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From floating clouds of pearly hue
Fell, in light drops, the recent shower,
That hung, like gems of morning dew,
On every tree and every flower.

When, bursting forth to life and light
The offspring of delighted May,
The butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launched in full splendor on the day!

Her slender form, ethereal, light,
Her velvet-textured wings infold,
With all the rainbow's colors bright,
And dropt with spots of burnished gold.

Trembling with joy, awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray,
Drank from the breeze the vital flood,
And wondered at her plumage gay.

And balanced oft her broidered wings,
Through fields of air prepared to sail;

Then on her venturous journey springs,
And floats along the vernal gale.

* * * * * * * *

But hark! while thus I musing stand,
Swells on the gale an airy note,
And, breathing from a viewless band,
Soft, silvery tones around me float:—

"Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in Nature's train,
Thus *rise again* to life and light,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

"And shalt thou, numbered with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shall no future morrow shed
On thee a beam of brighter glow?

"Is this the bound of power divine—
To animate an insect frame?
Or may not He who moulded thine
Relume at will the vital flame?

"Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate,—
Frail child of earth, high heir to heaven!"

ROSCOE.

BY-PAST TIMES.

THE sky is blue, the sward is green,
The leaf upon the bough is seen;
The wind comes from the balmy west,
The little songster builds its nest;
The bee hums on from flower to flower,
Till twilight's dim and dusky hour;
The joyous year arrives—but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

I think on childhood's glowing years—
How soft, how bright, the scene appears!
How calm, how cloudless, passed away
The long, long summer holiday!
I may not muse—I must not dream—
Too beautiful these visions seem
For earth and mortal man; but when
Shall by-past times come back again?

Alas! the world at distance seen
Appeared all blissful and serene,
An Eden, formed to tempt the foot,
With crystal streams and golden fruit;
That world, when tried and trod, is found
A rocky waste, a thorny ground!
We then revert to youth; but when
Shal. by-past times come back again?

ANON.

TO A FRIEND,

APRIL 16.

WITH garlands of primroses crowned,
And smiling through eloquent tears—
Her violets springing around,
Sweet April returning appears:
Though showers have darkened her changeable sky,
To me she is fairer than blooming July.

For sparkling with sunbeams I see,
In April's fair retinue here,
What still is accounted by me
The loveliest day in the year:
And soft gratulations shall ever ascend,
To welcome the morning that gave me a friend.

But what to that morning I owe,
Which dawned on my infantile state—
What blessings it came to bestow—
What light it has shed on my fate—
What sweet it has yielded, what balm for distress;
I ask not the language of song to express.

Hope, joy, consolation and peace,
That day on my infancy beamed:
My smiles bade it welcome—and these
Prophetic of happiness seemed:

And might not the tears which unconsciously fell,
Possess a significant meaning as well!

O friend of my bosom! I stray
Through life's chequered valleys with thee:
If clouds ever darken thy way,
Their shadows must fall upon me:
While stars that illumine thy pilgrimage, shine,
With beams of encouraging mercy, on mine.

Then whether it enter arrayed
In all the fair colors of spring,
Or wrapped in as hoary a shade
As winterly tempests can bring,
This day to my heart will forever appear
The brightest, the loveliest day in the year.

JANE TAYLOR.

DAS LIEBEN'S-ZIEL.

We seek that which we ne'er can win—
And love what cannot last;
Our life is but a thought between
The future and the past.

We mourn for things all fled away:
For feelings time has chilled;
And cherish for some future day,
Hopes, ne'er to be fulfilled!

We struggle through life's dreamy years,
With few glad visions blest;
And when our last, *best* home appears,
We enter it—to rest!

ANON.

TO JULIA.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gathered in heaven.

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure forever be new;
Young love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And sympathy nurse it with dew.

T. Moore.

THE HOUR-GLASS.

MARK the golden grains that pass
Brightly through this crystal glass;
Measuring, by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all:
Pauseless till the sand be done,
See the silent current run;
Till, its onward treasure shed,
When another hour is fled,
Its task performed, its travel past,
Like mortal man it rests at last;
Yet let some hand invert the frame,
And all its powers return again;
For all the golden grains remain,
To work their little hour again.
But who shall turn the glass for man,
From which the golden current ran?
Collect again the precious sand
Which time has scattered with his hand?
Bring back life's stream with vital power,
And bid it run another hour?
A thousand years of toil were vain,
To gather up one single grain.

MRS. MILNE.

ABSENCE.

TO MY MOTHER.

My birth-day! O beloved mother!
My heart is with thee o'er the seas!
I did not think to count another
Before I wept upon thy knees—
Before this scroll of absent years
Was blotted with thy streaming tears.
My own I do not care to check—
I weep—albeit here alone—
As if I hung upon thy neck,
As if thy lips were on my own—
As if this full, sad heart of mine
Were beating closely upon thine.
Four weary years! how looks she now?
What light is in those tender eyes?
What trace of time has touched the brow
Whose look is borrowed of the skies
That listen to her nightly prayer?
How is she changed since *he* was there
Who sleeps upon her heart alway—
Whose name upon her lips is worn—
For whom the night seems made to pray—
For whom she wakes to pray at morn—
Whose sight is dim—whose heart-strings stir—
Who weeps these tears—to think of *her!*—

I know not if my mother's eye
Would find me changed in other things;
I've wandered beneath many skies
And tasted many bitter springs,
And many leaves once fair and gay,
From youth's full flower have dropped away—
But as these looser leaves depart,
The lessened flower gets near the core;
And when deserted quite, the heart
Takes closer what was dear of yore,
And leaves to those who loved it first,
The sunshine and the dew by which its bud was nursed.
Dear mother! dost thou love me yet?
Am I remembered in my home?
When those I love for joy are met,
Does some one wish that I would come?
Thou dost! I *am* beloved of thee—
But as the school-boy numbers o'er,
Night after night, the Pleiades,
And finds the stars he found before,—
As turns the maiden oft her token,
As counts the miser o'er his gold,
So, till life's "silver cord is broken,"
Would I of thy love be told.—
My heart is full—mine eyes are wet—
Dear mother! dost thou love thy long-lost wanderer yet?
Oh! when the hour to meet again

Creeps on—and, speeding o'er the sea,
My heart takes up its lengthened chain,
And, link by link, draws nearer thee,
When land is hailed, and from the shore
Comes off the blessed breath of home,
With fragrance from my mother's door
Of flowers forgotten when I come—
When port is gained, and slowly now
The old familiar paths are past,
And entering, unconscious how,
I gaze upon thy face at last,
And run to thee, all faint and weak—
And feel thy tears upon my cheek—
Oh! if my heart break not with joy
The light of heaven will fairer seem,
And I shall grow once more a boy,
And, mother!—'t will be like a dream
That we were parted thus for years.
And once that we have dried our tears,
How will the days seem long and bright,
To meet thee always with the morn,
And hear thy blessing every night—
Thy "dearest"—thy "first-born"—
And be no more, as now, in a strange land forlorn.

N. P. Willis

SO SHOULD WE LIVE.

So should we live, that every hour
Should die, as dies a natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed.

ANON.

PLEASURES OF RETROSPECTION.

THERE are some heart-entwining hours in life,
With sweet, seraphic inspiration rife;
When mellowing thoughts, like music on the ear,
Melt through the soul and languish in a tear!
And such are they, when, tranquil and alone,
We sit and ponder on scenes long since flown;
And, charmed by Fancy's retrospective gaze,
Live in an atmosphere of other days;
While friends and faces, flashing on the mind,
Conceal the havoc time has left behind.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

EXTRACT.

How often is our path
Crossed by some being whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it—but whose course
Leads down another current—never more
To blend with ours:—yet, far within our souls,
Amidst the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought which lingers still
Around that image!

ANON.

JUST TWENTY-ONE.

THEY tell me I am free,
As though the thought were glad;
But oh! it burdens me,
And, mother, I am sad.
I feel that I am wearing
Too early, manhood's years—
That time is onward bearing
To conflict and to tears.

I sighed in childhood's hours
To rank among the free;
But where, oh! where, ye powers,
The freedom promised me?
For oh! the tie bound lightly
In youthful days I wore,
And sunshine beamed, how brightly—
As it will beam no more.

Free—from my guileless plays
Beneath that hoar old tree;
Light of my early days,
Dear mother, and from THEE.
Free from thy guardian care;
On childhood's bended knee
To lisp no more thy prayer;—
And this is to be free.

Nay! 't is a *chain* I wear,
That binds me from my home—
Whose links are toil and care,
That gall me as I roam.
The stern decree is past,
They say I am "*my own*;"
My lot is earth-ward cast—
I tread the world alone.

No! not alone—a crowd
Of mad ones past me sweep,—
Ambition trumpets loud
To Fame's unhallowed steep:

They bid me onward press,
Till thought itself grows wild,
My brain a wilderness—
My heart with earth defiled!

I hear the thundering boom,
I scent the battle's air;
My leaping blood cries "ROOM—
I'm with the thickest there!"
"STAY,"—saith a voice within,
"Be not thy heart too strong;
Court not life's battle din,
'T will summon thee ere long.

"Seek higher mastery
Than winning thee a name—
The tinsel blazonry
Of an unlasting fame!
Look where the foe would crush
Thy noble purposings,
The passions' maddening rush—
The strife of earthly things."

Oh! gird us for that fight
With earth-embattled powers,
Thou of Eternal Might,—
In the fast-coming hours!
When inward foes o'erwhelm,
Be righteousness our mail,
Salvation's hope our helm,
When fiery darts assail;

God-given strength, to wield
The spirit-piercing sword
Of the Eternal Word—
And Faith our battle shield.
Thus panoplied, we yield
Not in the tumult strife,
Triumphant on the field
Of this stern, mortal life.

* * * * * * *

Star, that in heaven burns,
The changeless and the true—
The trembling needle turns,
And points at length to you.
Star in *my* heaven set,
Earth's lesser lights above—
My wandering heart is yet
Firm to thy ray of love!

WESTON.

OLDEN TIME.

THERE'S a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And ev'n amidst the grand and gay,
When music tries her gentlest art,
I never hear so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart,
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.

And when all this life is gone,—
Ev'n the hope, lingering now,
Like the last of the leaves left on
Autumn's sere and faded bough,—
'T will seem as still those friends were near
Who loved me in youth's early day,
If in that parting hour I hear
The same sweet notes, and die away,—
To that song of the olden time,
Breathed, like hope's farewell strain,
To say in some brighter clime,
Life and youth will shine again!

T. MOORE.

THINGS UNSEEN.

O! WHAT sights hath the eye not seen!
Spring abroad in her robe of green;
And her thousand, thousand flowers that blow
In the forest shade, by the fountain's flow;
Ocean at rest when his wrath is o'er,
With the moon's soft rainbow shining o'er;
And the host of ministering stars that wait,
Each with its song, at Heaven's gate.

Sounds of delight on every breeze!
The music, at midnight, of waving trees;
The song of the lark in the ear of morn;
The far-off blast of the hunter's horn;
Eolian harpings on summer's eve,
Like angel-whispers to souls that grieve;
The hymns of joy that from young lips flow,
And the voice of friendship in hours of woe.

Who can tell all that hath rapt the thought
In holy times, when the heart is fraught
With a gush of sacred joy, that brings
Into the bosom all lovely things?
Glimpses of Heaven on the poet's eye,
Visions of glory that cannot die,
Hallowing each scene of beauty here
As the promise and type of a happier sphere.

But the eye hath not seen, nor the ear hath heard,
Nor the heart in its inmost depths been stirred
With the thought of those wonders, by angels told,
In the temple on high, to their harps of gold.
The spirit e'en here often cowers her wings
At the mighty shadows of future things,
Or rejoices, in glimpses of hope, to descry
The dawn of immortal light from on high:

But her noblest visions are shaded here,
And her happiest dreams have a tint of fear,
And the lyre of thought's most trancing tone
Is woke by the wilderness-wind alone:
It hangs o'er the grave; but Earth's spell shall break,
And the soul of all-glorious sounds awake,
Touch'd into birth by HIM whose love
Shall win its eternal song above.

W. S. M.

SONNET.

"BELOVED VALE!" I said, "when I shall con
Those many records of my childish years,
Remembrance of myself and of my fears
Will press me down: to think of what is gone
Will be an awful thought, if life have one."
But when into the vale I came, no fears
Distressed me; from mine eyes escaped no tears;
Deep thought, or awful vision, had I none.
By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost,
I stood of simple shame the blushing thrall;
So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small.
A juggler's balls old Time about him tossed;
I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed; and all
The weight of sadness was in wonder lost.

WORDSWORTH.

A VALENTINE.

WANTED, a *hand* to hold mine own,
As down life's vale I glide ;
Wanted, an *arm* to lean upon,
For ever by my side.

Wanted, a firm and steady *foot*,
With step secure and free,
To keep its straight and onward pace
Over life's path with me.

Wanted, a *form* erect and high,
A *head* above mine own
So much, that I might walk beneath
Its shadow o'er me thrown.

Wanted, an *eye*, within whose depth
Mine own might look, and see
Uprisings from a guileless heart
O'erflown with love for me.

Wanted, a *lip* whose kindest smile
Would speak for me alone ;
A *voice*, whose richest melody
Would breathe affection's tone.

Wanted, a *true religious soul*,
To pious purpose given,
With whom my own might pass along
The road that leads to heaven. ANON.

GIFTS FOR THE PAST.

THE past—now what shall we give the past?
Oh! give it tears
For the sorrows that heavily shadows cast
O'er our early years:
For the friends that are friends to us no more,
For the grief behind and the gloom before;
For love that is weeping beside the grave,—
It will perish by those whom it could not save:
Long may it mourn over those beneath,
Lingering a life that is worse than death;
For brief is the reign of the sunny hour,
Long is the shadow and the shower:
For pleasures in which we take no part,
For weariness lying like frost on the heart,
For a heath worn out—a sky o'ercast,
The past—now what shall we give the past?
Oh, give it tears!

The past—now what shall we give the past?
Oh, give it smiles.
For falsehood, ending in tears at last,
No more beguiles:
For the pleasures from which we turn aside,
For the friends whose flattery we now deride—
They came to our side in the leaf and the flower,
They all fell off in the winter hour:

For hopes that are colorless now and dead
Down at our feet in the dust that we tread!
And we marvel that ever we lighted our way
With hues so painted and false as they;
For all the deceits we have seen depart,
For the scorn which fills and hardens the heart,
For the knowledge so harshly acquired at last,
The past—now what shall we give the past?
Oh, give it smiles!

MISS LANDON.

HOME.

"HOME!
There's magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle which surrounds
Comforts and virtues, never known
Beyond the hallowed limit."

ANON.

WHAT DO THE FUTURES SPEAK OF?

IN ANSWER TO A QUESTION IN THE GREEK GRAMMAR.

They speak of never withering shades,
And bowers of opening joy;
They promise mines of fairy gold,
And bliss without alloy.

They whisper strange enchanting things
Within Hope's greedy ears;
And sure this tuneful voice exceeds
The music of the spheres.

They speak of pleasure to the gay,
And wisdom to the wise;
And soothe the poet's beating heart
With fame that never dies.

In every language, every tongue,
The same kind things they say;
In gentle slumbers speak by night,
In waking dreams by day.

Cassandra's fate reversed is theirs;
She true, no faith could gain,—
They every passing hour deceive,
Yet are believed again.

MRS. BARBAULD.

A BIRTH-DAY.

"A Birth-day!"—what a joyful sound
Those words possessed to boyhood's ear,
When Fancy shed her sunshine round;
And Hope, the flatterer, still was near,
With balm for every trifling wound,
A smile for every tear.

Then life was sweet: the world, unknown,
A fairy landscape bright and gay;
Each voice, too, seemed like Friendship's tone,
Or Love's more fascinating lay;
And Time—a playmate of my own,
To sport with by the way.

What is a Birth-day now? A sound
To shake e'en manhood's sterner heart;
Fancy no sunshine sheds around,
And Hope has lost her healing art,
While from the world's enchanted ground
Its brighter hues depart.

Pain's barbed shafts mock Friendship's shield,
Love's smile can ill dark tempests brave,
Time's scythe no longer is conceal'd,
And life has little left to crave;
Hope, Fancy, Friendship, Love must yield
Their votary to the grave.

I speak, 't is true, of passing things,
Which appertain to Time and Earth—
Happy is he whose spirit clings
To thoughts of more enduring worth,
To whom the day of death but brings
More joy than that of birth.

BERNARD BARTON.

REMINISCENCE.

"My birth-day"—what a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less white the mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as youth counts the shining links,
That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said,*—"were he ordained to run
His long career of life again,

* Fontenelle. Si je recommencais ma carriere, je ferai tout ce que j'ai fait.

He would do all that he *had* done."—
Ah, 't is not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise—of time it tells,
Lavished unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mocked; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That crossed my pathway, for his star.—
All this it tells; and could I trace
The imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away—
All—but that Freedom of the mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships in my boyhood twined,
And kept till now unchangingly;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I 've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy round!

T. Moore.

ODE,

TO LORD H——.

A Muse, unskilled in venal praise,
Unstained with flattery's art;
Who loves simplicity of lays
Breathed ardent from the heart;
While gratitude and joy inspire,
Resumes the long unpractised lyre,
To hail, O H——, thy natal morn.
No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,
But twines with oak the laurel leaves,
Thy cradle to adorn.

* * * * * * * *

Swift to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years,
That rear him to renown;
When in his finished form and face
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combined,
The courteous yet majestic mien,
The liberal smile, the look serene,
The great and gentle mind.

Yet though thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,

Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame,
No ruffian take his deadly aim,
No rival weave the secret snare:
For innocence, with angel smile,
Simplicity, that knows no guile,
And love and peace are there.

When winds the mountain oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Through scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home,
It hopes in time to roam no more:
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state!
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise;
As when along the trophied plain
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

BEATTIE.

ON ARRIVING AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth,
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
Than some more timely happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As even in my great Task-Master's eye.

MILTON.

MEMORY.

O MEMORY, thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppressed oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

COWPER.

ALWAYS REMEMBERED.

THY memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er the mind;
As dew upon the purple bell;
As perfume on the wind;
As music on the sea;
As sunshine on the river;—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever.

ANON.

MEMORY.

"Rather than have one bliss forgot,
Be all my pains remembered too."

Moore.

And wouldst thou advise me to mix with the crowd,
And strive to efface the remembrance of years;
When, though mists and misfortune too often might shroud,
One smile hath repaid me for long hours of tears?
And say'st thou that memory only can feed
The fever that preys on the desolate heart?
Oh! thou knowest not, unless thou hast felt it indeed,
What joy the remembrance of joy can impart!

There are things that are past, which I would not forget,
For the brightest of pleasures that earth can now give;
Their bliss had a mixture of sorrow, and yet
Like stars in the night of my bosom they live.
As on scenes we have passed, when by distance made soft,
We gaze the more fondly the further we go,
So, when years of our prime have gone over, how oft
We turn with delight to past pleasure and woe.

I once felt affections, more gentle and fond,
That shone o'er my soul, like the stars o'er the seas;
And think'st thou my spirit can ever despond,
While memory revives such emotions as these?
Oh! how many a smile and affectionate word
Remain through long years on the woe-blighted mind,
When joy hath shot over its wastes, like a bird
That hath left a bright gift from its plumage behind!

And what though the vision of happiness flies
From the heart that had cherished it fondly before?
Its flowers may be withered, but memory supplies
Their vigor and fragrance, and beauty once more.
Oh! may my remembrances never depart!
May I still feel a bliss in beholding the past—
While memory over the gems of the heart
Shall, sentinel-like, keep her watch to the last.

MARY ANN BROWNE.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

ONCE more, my gentle friend! has time's swift flight
(Suspended never) reached thy natal day;
And that pure friendship which first bade me plight
My promise to devote to it a lay,
Shall be fulfilled: what, though perchance it may
Bear token of the hour that gives it birth,
Yet wilt thou not its sober tone gainsay;
For thou hast sojourned long enough on earth,
Young as thou art, to know the emptiness of mirth.

I mean that mirth, which, flashing but to fade,
Exhil'rates not, but soon exhausts the mind:
And, transiently delighting, leaves a shade
Of self-engender'd dreariness behind.
With such my clouded spirit oft has pined;
Until, disgusted with the treacherous gleam,
In which a moment's bliss it sought to find,
Despair has almost tempted me to deem
Joy an unreal shade—delight an empty dream.

Yet is there left us an alternative
In chastened cheerfulness, deriving birth
From other sources than the world can give,
Far, far superior to its heartless mirth;

And though at times, while we remain on earth,
Clouds may obscure this "sunshine of the breast,"
Those who have truly known and prized its worth
Will own in gratitude, in hours deprest,
Its memory boasts that charm left by a blameless guest.

* * * * * * * *

This is thy birth-day! and for Friendship's sake,
Even in this gloomiest season of the year,
Feelings as warm as spring could ever wake
Have chronicled, and bid me hold it dear.
The heart has in itself a hemisphere
That knows not change of season, day or night;
For still when thoughts of those we love are near,
Their cherished forms arise before our sight,
And o'er the spirit shed fresh sunshine and delight.

Nature, who wore, when few months since we met,
Her summer garb, a different dress displays;
Your garden walks may now be moss'd and wet:
The jas'mine's star-like bloom, which in the rays
Of the bright moon seemed lovely to my gaze,
Has faded now; and the green leaves that grew
So lightly on the acacia's topmost sprays,
Have lost, ere this, their glossy verdant hue,
Shading no more the path their reliques soon must strew.

Is there nought left then, loveliness to lend
Unto the spot my memory loves to trace?
Should I now find, were I to come and spend
A day with you, no beauty left to grace
What seemed of quiet joy the dwelling-place?
Oh yes! believe me, much as I admired
Those charms which change of seasons can efface,
It was not such alone, when home retir'd,
That memory cherish'd most, or most the muse inspired.

When nature sheds her leafy loveliness,
She does not die: her vital principle
But seeks awhile its innermost recess,
And there securely finds a citadel
Which even winter owns impregnable;
The sap retreating downward to the root
Is still alive, as spring shall shortly tell,
By swelling buds, whence blossoms soon will shoot
Dispensing fragrance round, and pledge of future fruit.

And thus our best affections, those which bind
Heart unto heart by friendship's purest tie,
Have an internal life, and are enshrined
Too deeply in our bosoms soon to die.
Spring's opening bloom, and summer's azure sky,
Might *borrow from them* beauties not their own;
But when November winds are loud and high,

And nature's dirge assumes its deepest tone,
The joy of social hours in its full charm is known.

For as the sap, whose quickening influence
Shall be in spring the birth of future flowers,
Confined and concentrated, is from thence
More full of life, than in those brighter hours
When birds sang sweetly in their shady bowers,
And all unclouded was heaven's vaulted dome;
Thus is it with the *mind's* electric powers,
Forbid by winter's frowning skies to roam,
Their radiance is condensed, their focus found at home.

Then stir the cheerful fire! and let its light
The rallying point of home-born pleasures be;
Where spirit-sparkling eyes, and smiles as bright,
Their own fit emblem may delighted see;
And let the overflow of innocent glee
Be like the exuberance of the Nile, and bless
The seeds of future joy's fertility;
That days, in years to come, may bear the impress
Of hours of blameless bliss and social happiness.

Since such, dear friend! is the delightful season
When thou wast born, oh! let it, as it ought,
Be kept with due observance, for that reason;
Not lighted up with borrow'd splendor caught
From outward themes, which time or chance may thwart:

But be its zest those charms that have their flow
Fresh from the source of feeling and of thought;
And full of all that pure and vivid glow
Which speaks them born above, though spent on earth below.

BARTON.

TO A SISTER.

My sister, companion and friend,
The guide of my devious way,
May a song of affection attend
The return of this festival day!
We are friends by the earliest choice—
Our union in childhood began—
And still we can weep, or rejoice,
In unison only, my Ann.

While many in solitude walk,
Together we travel along;
Or hang like twin buds on a stalk,
(We may call ourselves flowers in song.)
The showers that kindly descend,
Have nourished us both as they passed;
And together we shiver and bend,
Assailed by the winterly blast.

But let every sigh be repressed,
Since mutual our pleasures must be :—
The ivy that clings to its breast
Is reckoned a part of the tree.
And oh! may we never divide,
Till closed is this turbulent day.
Should I lose you, my sister and guide,
How dreary the rest of the way!

JANE TAYLOR.

OH! DEAR TO MEMORY ARE THOSE HOURS.

Oh! dear to memory are those hours
When every pathway led to flowers;
When sticks of peppermint possessed
A sceptre's power o'er the breast,
And heaven was round us while we fed
On rich ambrosial gingerbread.
I bless the days of infancy,
When, stealing from a mother's eye,
Elysian happiness was found
On that celestial field, the ground.

Then shone the meteor days of youth,
Eclipsing quite the lamp of truth;
And precious, bright those sunbeams were
That dried all tears, dispersed all care;
That shed a stream of golden joy,
Without one atom of alloy.
Oh! ne'er in mercy strive to chase
Such dazzling phantoms from their place;
However trifling, mean, or wild,
The deeds may seem of youth or child,
While they still leave untarnished soul,
The iron rod of stern control
Should be but gentle in its sway,
Nor rend the magic veil away.

I doubt if it be kind or wise
To quench the light in opening eyes,
By preaching fallacy or woe
As all that we can meet below.
I ne'er respect the ready tongue
That augurs sorrow to the young;
That aptly plays a sybil's part,
To promise night-shade to the heart.
Let them exult! their laugh and song
Are rarely known to last too long.
Why should we strive, with cynic frown,
To knock their fairy castles down?
We know that much of pain and strife
Must be the common lot of life:
We know the world is dark and rough,
But time betrays that soon enough!

ELIZA COOK.

A BALLAD.

Thou art plucking spring-roses, Genie,
And a little red rose art thou;
Thou hast unfolded to-day, Genie,
Another bright leaf, I trow;
But the roses will live and die, Genie,
Many and many a time,
Ere thou hast unfolded quite, Genie—
Grown into maiden prime.

Thou art looking now at the birds, Genie,
But oh! do not wish their wing,
That would only tempt the fowler, Genie,
Stay thou on earth and sing;
Stay in the nursing-nest, Genie,
Be not soon thence beguiled,
Thou wilt ne'er find a second, Genie;
Never be twice a child.

Thou art building towers of pebbles, Genie—
Pile them up brave and high;
And leave them to follow a bee, Genie,
As he wandereth singing by;
But if thy towers fall down, Genie,
And if the brown bee is lost,
Never weep—for thou must learn, Genie,
That soon life's schemes are crost.

Thy hand is in a bright boy's, Genie,
He calls thee his sweet wee wife,
But let not thy little heart think, Genie,
Childhood the prophet of life:
It may be life's minstrel, Genie,
And sing sweet songs and clear;
But minstrel and prophet now, Genie,
Are not united here.

What will thy future fate be, Genie?
Alas! shall I live to see!
For thou art scarce a sapling, Genie,
And I a moss-grown tree!
I am shedding life's leaves fast, Genie,
Thou art in blossom sweet;
But think betimes of the grave, Genie,
Where young and old oft meet.

MISS JEWSBURY.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

Down the dark tide of time, with flow
  Unceasing, hath another year
Its record borne of joy and woe,
  Hope, exultation, fear—
With constant force through shade and sun,
The swelling stream hath hurried on,
And flung its shattered wave at last
Into the ocean of the past.

Pass on—returnless years! ye bring
  Nearer the golden age of Time—
When man, no more an abject thing,
Shall from the sleep of ages spring,
With new-born life, and proudly fling
  Aside his bondage and his crime,
And rising in his manhood, be
What God designed him—pure and free.

W. H. Burleigh.

KINDRED HEARTS.

Mother, there 's no soft hand comes now
To smooth the dark curls o'er my brow;
I hear no voice so low and mild
As that which breathed " my own loved child."
No smile will greet, no lips will press,
No prayer will rise, no words will bless,
So fond, so dear, so true for me
As those I ever met from thee.

Oh! that my soul could melt in tears,
And die beneath the pain it bears;
The grief that springs, the thoughts that goad,
Become a heavy maddening load;
For all that heart or memory blends
But hotly scathes and sorely rends;
And feeling, with its biting fangs,
Tortures with sharp and bleeding pangs.

My Mother! thou didst prophesy,
With sighing tone and weeping eye,
That the cold world would never be
A kindred resting-place for me!
Oh, thou wert right! I cannot find
One sympathetic link to bind,
But where some dark alloy comes in
To mar with folly, wrong, or sin.

My Mother! thou didst know full well
My spirit was not fit to dwell
With crowds who dream not of the ray
That burns the very soul away.
That ray is mine; 't is held from God,
But scourges like a blazing rod,
And never glows with fiercer flame
Than when 't is kindled at thy name.

My Mother! thou 'rt remembered yet
With doting love and keen regret;
My birth-day finds me once again
In fervent sorrow, deep as vain.
Thou art gone forever, I must wait
The will of Heaven, the work of fate.
And faith can yield no hope for me
Brighter than that of meeting thee.

ELIZA COOK.

LIFE IN MINIATURE.

Hail, to this teeming stage of strife!
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How could I fainly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

'T is nature's worship—felt—confessed,
Far as the life which warms the breast;
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,
In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

* * * * * * * *

But little reck'st thou, O my child,
Of travail on life's thorny wild!
Of all the dangers, all the woes,
Each tottering footstep which inclose;
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene
So darkly wrought, that spreads between

The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born,
Of clouds which gather round thy morn,
Of arts to lure thy soul astray,
Of snares that intersect thy way,—
Of secret foes, of friends untrue,
Of friends who stab the hearts they woo;
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reck them more!

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep,
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep;
The tenant of a frail abode,
Thy tears must flow as mine have flow'd;
Beguiled by follies every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away,
And thou may'st wake perchance to prove
The pang of unrequited love.

* * * * * * * *

Oh! could a father's prayer repel
The eye's sad grief, the bosom's swell,
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care,
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill,
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief;
Too soon the dawn of woe shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek;
Too soon shall sadness quench those eyes,
That breast be agonized with sighs,
And anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of care,—ah, much too soon!

Soon wilt thou reck of cares unknown,
Of wants and sorrows all their own,
Of many a pang and many a woe,
That thy dear sex alone can kn[illegible]
Of many an ill untold, unsung,
That will not—may not find a tongue,
But kept concealed without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more bless'd,
May joy still animate thy breast,
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays;
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret prayer,
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease life's parting throes.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!

Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How could I fainly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

LORD BYRON.

TO MRS. M. B.

OH, be thou bless'd with all that Heaven can send,
Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend!
Not with those toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and vanities that tire.
With added years, if life bring nothing new,
But like a sieve let every blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad reflection more;—
Is that a birth-day? 't is, alas, too clear,
'Tis but the funeral of the former year.
Let joy or ease, let affluence or content,
And the gay conscience of a life well-spent,
Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a pain, a trouble, or a fear;
Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft dream or ecstasy of joy.
Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,
And wake to raptures in a life to come.

POPE.

SWEET REMEMBRANCES.

Let fate do her worst; there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
And which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

T. Moore.

AS O'ER THE PAST MY MEMORY STRAYS.

As o'er the past my memory strays,
  Why heaves the secret sigh?
'T is that I mourn departed days,
  Still unprepared to die.

The world, and worldly things beloved,
  My anxious thoughts employed,
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
  Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father! wild despair
  Chase from my laboring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
  That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine:
  And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
  O speed my soul to thee!

BISHOP MIDDLETON.

I DO NOT FEAR TO GROW OLD.

LAMENT who will, in fruitless tears
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.

Why grieve that time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly should I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.

True, time will sear and blanch my brow;
Well—I shall sit with aged men,
And my good glass will tell me how
A grisly beard becomes me then.

And should no foul dishonor lie
Upon my head when I am grey,
Love yet may search my faded eye,
And smooth the path of my decay.

BRYANT.

SAYINGS OF OLD TIME.

I WEAR not the purple of earth-born kings,
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
But monarch and courtier, though great they may be,
Must fall from their glory and bend to me.
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
They will not come under its mighty sway?
Ye may know who I am,—there's the passing chime,
And the dial to herald me, Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
In the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
Who laughs at my power? the young and the gay;
But they dream not how closely I track their way.
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures with moth and rust;
The gorgeous palace I lay in the dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And break the battlement, stone from stone.
Work on your cities and temples, proud man,
Build high as ye may and strong as ye can;
But the marble shall crumble, the pillars shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be king after all.

ELIZA COOK.

FIFTY YEARS.

Yes, mother, fifty years have fled,
With rapid footsteps o'er thy head;
Have pass'd with all their motley train,
And left thee on thy couch of pain!
How many smiles, and sighs, and tears,
How many hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Have vanished with that lapse of years!
Though past, those hours of pain and grief
Have left their trace on memory's leaf;
Have stamped their footprints on the heart,
In lines which never can depart;
Their influence on the mind must be
As endless as eternity.
Years, ages, to oblivion roll,
Their memory forms the deathless soul;
They leave their impress as they go,
And shape the mind for joy and woe!
Yes, Mother, fifty years have past,
And brought thee to their close at last.
Oh that we all could gaze, like thee,
Back on that dark and tideless sea,
And 'mid its varied records find
A heart at ease with all mankind,

A firm and self-approving mind!
Grief, that had broken hearts less fine,
Hath only served to strengthen thine;
Time, that doth chill the fancy's play,
Hath kindled thine with purer ray:
And stern disease, whose icy dart
Hath power to chill the shrinking heart,
Has left thine warm with love and truth,
As in the halcyon days of youth.
Oh turn not from the meed of praise
A daughter's willing justice pays;
But greet with smiles of love again
This tribute of a daughter's pen.

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

RECOLLECTION.

WHEN mem'ry looks back on the record of years,
Ere reason and feeling decay;
Ere the footsteps we leave in this valley of tears
Are swept by oblivion away;—
'T is sweet, when delight has been sobered by age,
To glance on its mirrors again,
To glide o'er the clouds of adversity's page—
They seem not so desolate then.

As the tempest brings calm; as the hoar frost the spring;
As the dawning disperses the day;
So the sun and the shade of vicissitude fling
A beautiful light on our way;
And passions and rapture, when tempered by thought,
No trace but of happiness leave;
E'en grief, when remembered, is tranquilly taught,
How vain—how ungrateful—to grieve.

Life's briars and roses—its gladness and gloom,—
Do they vanish together?—oh, no!
The flow'rets we pluck, and condense their perfume,
The weeds to the desert we throw.
Like the bee, thoughts fly o'er the fields of the past,
Finding sweets wheresoever they roam:
They wander through sunshine and storm, and at last
Store nought but their honey at home.

BOWRING.

MY EARLY DAYS.

I WONDER what they have done with the pine,
Where the red-breast used to sing—
With the maple too where the wandering vine
So wildly used to fling
Its loaded arms from bough to bough—
And if they gather the grapes there now.

I should like to know if they 've killed the bee,
And carried away the hive;
If they 've broken the heart of my chesnut-tree,
Or left it to still survive,
And its laughing burrs are showering down
Their loosened treasures of shining down.

And there was a beautiful pond, that stood
Like an ample azure vase;
Or a mirror embosom'd in wild green wood,
For the sun to see his face;—
Have they torn up its lilies to open a sluice
And let that peaceful prisoner loose?

Perhaps they have ruined the ancient oak
That gave me its ample shade;
And its own dead root in its bed is broke
By the plough from its branches made.
Nor am I sure I could find the spot
Where I had my bower and my mossy grot.

And shall I go back to my first loved home
To find how all is changed,
Alone o'er those altered scenes to roam,
From my early self estranged?
Shall I bend me over the glassy brook,
No more on the face of a child to look?

No! no! for that loveliest spot upon earth,
Let memory's charm suffice!
But the spirit will long to the place of her birth,
From time and its change to rise—
To soar and recover her primal bloom
When death with his trophy has stopped at the tomb.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

PEACE BE AROUND THEE.

PEACE be around thee, wherever thou rovest;
May life be for thee one summer's day,
And all that thou wishest, and all that thou lovest,
Come smiling around thy summer way;
If sorrow e'er this calm should break,
May even thy tears pass off so lightly,
Like spring-showers they 'll only make
The smiles that follow shine more brightly.

May Time, who sheds his blight o'er all,
And daily dooms some joy to death,
O'er thee let years so gently fall,
They shall not crush one flower beneath.
As half in shade and half in sun
This world along its path advances,
May that side the sun's upon
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!

T. MOORE.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY, 1793. THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE AUTHOR, ON HEARING A THRUSH SING, IN A MORNING WALK.

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter 'mid his surly reign
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
Sits meek Content, with light, unanxious heart,
Welcomes the rapid moments—bids them part,
Nor asks if they bring aught to hope or fear.

I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou, whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,
What wealth could never give nor take away!

Yet come, thou child of poverty and care,
The mite high Heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I 'll share.

ROBERT BURNS.

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

TO ———.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dreamt I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Hearts-ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay;
And were it thus my fate to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I 'd play.

Thy life should glide in peace along
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song

That 's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever dim thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring
To thee one blight upon his wing,
So gently o'er thy brow he 'd fly;
And death itself should but be felt
Like that of daybeams, when they melt,
Bright to the last, in evening's sky!

T. Moore.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I 've been wandering away;
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?

* * * * * * * * *

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we 've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them like visions of yesterday throng.

As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we 'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
For want of some heart that could echo it near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

T. Moore.

THE INFANT SAMUEL.

"Then Samuel answered, speak Lord; for thy servant heareth."

In childhood's spring,—ah! blessed spring!
As flowers closed up at even
Unfold in morning's earliest beam,
The heart unfolds to heaven.
Ah! blessed child that trustingly
Adores and loves and fears,
And to a *Father's* voice replies,
"Speak, Lord, thy servant hears."

When youth shall come,—ah! blessed youth!
If still the pure heart glows,
And in the world and word of God,
Its Maker's language knows;—
If in the night and in the day,
'Midst youthful joys or fears,
The trusting heart can answer still,
"Speak, Lord, thy servant hears."

When age shall come,—ah! blessed age!
If in its lengthened shade,
When life grows faint and earthly lights
Recede and sink and fade,—
Ah blessed age! if then heaven's light
Dawn on thy closing eye,
And Faith unto the call of God
Can answer,—"Here am I."

PEABODY.

POWER OF MEMORY.

HER charm around, the enchantress, Memory, threw,—
A charm that soothes the mind and sweetens too!
But is her magic only felt below?
Say through what brighter realms she bids it flow!
There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar,
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And as the softening hand of Time endears
The joys and sorrows of our infant years,
So there the soul, released from human strife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life,—
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers,
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours.

ROGERS.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
And drank of the cup of delight;
I have danced to the gayest measure
In the halls of dazzling light.
I have dwelt in a blaze of splendor,
And stood in the court of kings;
I have snatched at each toy that could render
More rapid the flight of Time's wings.
But vainly I 've sought for joy or peace,
In the life of light or shade;
And I turn with a sigh to my own dear home—
That home where my childhood played.
When jewels are sparkling round me,
And dazzling with their rays,
I weep for the ties that bound me
In life's first early days.
I sigh for one of the sunny hours,
Ere day was turned to night;
For one of my nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
Instead of those jewels bright.
I weep when I gaze on the scentless buds
Which never can bloom or fade;
And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—
The home where my childhood played.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

REMEMBRANCE.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
On every stage, from youth to age,
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemned to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours,
Before his wished return.

From hard control and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harassed heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delayed,
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye,
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that later stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.

Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

SOUL SHADOWS.

Oh, where are the cheerful days—
The cheerful days that my childhood knew?
Vanished like summer haze
From a morning sky of unclouded blue;
Vanished and gone to return no more,
Like the foam dashed up on a sandy shore!

Oh, ye pleasant and fled delights!
What would I give to recall you now?
Weary days and slumberless nights
Press on my heart and wrinkle my brow;
And I am changed like a leaf that fades,
Hidden under the depths of a forest's shades.

The future smiles not as of old,
The present is dreary and sad and dark;
The clouds are not skirted with gold,
There comes no dove to my longing ark;
I look up to heaven and over the sea,
And there is no rainbow of hope for me.

Franklin once remarked, that our follies cost us more than our taxes—the idea was worthy the philosopher; but he might have added—and occasion more than nine-tenths of all the expenses we incur through life.

, by intelligent physicians; how the mother
ld grieve to see the object of her affections point-
t with the finger of scorn, or commisseration.
would not marry, henceforth, the weak, and arti-
being made up of whalebone and starch; which

Sometimes there 's a passing gleam,
Sometimes there breaks on my desolate lot
A flash from a thought or a dream,
But it flickers away and I see it not,
And deeper settles the sombre pall,
And gloomier still the shadows fall.

Love ! thou wast once my own ;
But I cast thee off like a worthless glove ;
And now I am forever alone,
And seek in vain for the guerdon, Love ;
Doubt and fear like sentinels stand,
And I 've lost the clew to the flowery land.

" Live lonely and lonely die !"
Such are the words on the scroll of Fate—
I read them now with a quiet eye,
For my soul is powerless even to hate ;
And there 's but one bliss which I dare to crave,
And that—thank God ! is beyond the grave.

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

THERE 's a crown for the monarch—a golden crown,
And many a ray from its wreath streams down,
Of an iris hue from a thousand gems,
That are woven in blossoms on jewelled stems;
They 've rifled the depth of Golconda's mine,
And stolen the pearl from the ocean's brine;
But the rarest gems and the finest gold
On a brow of care lie heavy and cold.

There 's a crown for the victor of lotus flowers,
Braided with myrtle from tropical bowers,
And the golden hearts of the nymphæ gleam
From their snowy bills with a mellow beam.
They have stripped the breast of the sacred Nile,
And ravished the bowers of the vine clad isle,
But the sweetest flower from the holy flood,
And the vine will fade on the brow of blood!

There 's a crown for the poet—a wreath of bay—
A tribute of praise to his thrilling lay:
The amaranth twines with the laurel bough,
And seeks a repose on his pensive brow.
They 've searched in the depths of Italia's groves,
To find out the chaplet a poet loves;
But a fadeless wreath in vain they have sought—
It withers away on the brow of thought.

There 's a crown for the Christian—a crown of life,
Gained in the issues of bloodless strife ;
'T is a halo of hope, of joy, and of love,
Brightened by sunbeams from fountains above.
They 've gathered its hues from sources afar,
From Seraphim's eyes, and Bethlehem's Star ;
And the flow of its light will ever increase,
For a Christian's brow is a brow of peace.

SARAH C. EDGARTON.

GO! DREAM OF BY-PAST HOURS.

Go ! dream of by-past hours :
In retrospect, once more
Pluck fancy's gayest flowers,
And revel in thy store.
Go, seek thy native cot,
Scene of affection free,
Where pleasure cheered thy lot,
Where love was all to thee.

Do this, but never tell
The heartless world thy dream ;
Its scorn would hope dispel,
Would crush the fairy theme :
Do this, but in thy breast
Let each fond wish expire ;
For sorrows unreprest
Are his who loves the lyre.

WM. B. TAPPAN.

CLOSE OF LIFE.

—So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties faithfully fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with single stroke,
Dismiss me, weary, to a safe retreat
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.

COWPER.

END.

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